

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Even a Serious Illness Does Not Divert Helen's Mind From Petty Details.

(Copyright, 1916.)

This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Urner for four years. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," appearing exclusively in this paper, is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Urner.

"No, no, wait!" moaned Helen, rocking back and forth in a paroxysm of pain. "It may wear off in a moment."

Warren, who had started to phone for the doctor, paused in the doorway, a rumpled, pajamas-clad figure, scratching his head in sleepy indecision.

"The hot-water bottle," quivering, drawing the covers about her as she sat hunched up in bed.

With flapping, heelless slippers, Warren shuffled into the bathroom, reappearing with the unwiped, air-puffed bag, which Helen, too sick to be critical, huddled against her.

"Oh—oh," at another gripping pain. "Oh, do you think it's appendicitis?"

"We'll have the doctor and find out," turning with anxious determination to the phone.

Even in her convulsive pains Helen speculated worriedly over the double fee of a midnight call.

"Doctor Kelly?—This is Mr. Curtis." Helen stopped her moaning to listen.

"Mrs. Curtis is suffering with violent cramps—No, we dined at home—No—no fish nor clams—As soon as you can—An ice bag?"

"Oh, is he coming?" in the throes of another cramp.

"Soon as he can get here. Where'll I find the ice bag?"

"We haven't any," her teeth a-chatter.

Grumbling about the things you ought to have in case of sickness, Warren stumbled out to the kitchen.

The sound of a hacking ice pick, and he returned with some cracked ice clumsily wrapped in a red-salvaged towel.

"Oh, that's a tea towel," wailed Helen. "Now, never mind about that. There, how does that feel?"

"Oh, Warren, those shades," shivering under the icy application. "They can see right in!"

"Nobody's up, anyway," glancing at the darkened windows opposite as he jerked down the shades.

A 68-YEAR-OLD LADY CURED OF EVERY ACHE AND PAIN!

Mrs. Mary Oman, of No. 3239 P Street N. W., Finds Drego a Wonderful Remedy.

"Yes, I'm getting along in years, and can't expect to be quite as spry as I used to be, but the way I suffered with my stomach was almost past endurance."

"The doctors said it was Gastritis, and they kept on dosing me, and that's about all they did do, for I not only had the sharpest sort of pains in my stomach at all times, but almost continuous pains in my back and limbs."

I was all run down, too; almost afraid to eat, for I felt as if I was actually putting poison into my system whenever I put food into my stomach."

"I saw something in one of the Washington papers about a man with troubles like mine being relieved by Drego and I bought a bottle. Almost with the first dose I noticed a marked improvement. The pains in my stomach let up for the first time in months and before long stopped entirely, and my appetite got as keen as a youngster, and I positively ate anything I feel like."

No more pains in my back, and I walk without the slightest trouble, for I haven't had an ache or pain in my limbs for weeks. I sleep fine, too; my strength has come back and I'm almost back to my normal weight, after taking only three bottles."

I haven't a trace of constipation, either, and I suffered from that for years."

Buy Drego today at any O'Donnell Store, or Bury's in Anacostia or Allen's in Alexandria—Adv.

"It's getting the bed wet," lifting off the ice compress. "Get a bath towel—that's thicker. Oh—oh," writhing under another attack. "They're growing worse! Oh, why doesn't he come?"

"It won't be long now—he's on the way," putting a comforting arm about her.

"Oh, I can't stand this—I can't! It's appendicitis, I know it is."

Sitting on the bed, Warren made her lean against him while he smoothed her moist hair. But the pain was too great. Even his encircling arms could not soothe her, and she drew away with a feverish:

"Can't you do something? Why doesn't he come—why doesn't he come?"

"He'll be here now in a few moments," Warren kept assuring her.

But there was an anguished half-hour before the clamorous bell announced the doctor's arrival.

With professional solicitude he bent over the bed. A hurried examination, a thrust of a hypodermic, and almost at once the sharp pains subsided to the soothing influence of the morphine.

"Oh, will I need a nurse?" Helen caught their murmured comments.

"Doctor thinks we'd better have one for a few days," soothed Warren.

"It's not appendicitis?" excitedly. "I won't have an operation?"

"That's what we want to avoid," pacified the doctor. "Now don't talk. I want you to try to sleep."

A nurse—a trained nurse! Helen's drugged thoughts were groping with the difficulties and expense. Would there be enough clean linen? All nurses were wastefully extravagant with towels and bedclothes.

They would have to send for Mrs. O'Grady—Dora could not do all the washing. Where would the nurse sleep? Oh, they were not faced for a nurse or for sickness.

Aroused from her broodings, she started up at Warren with an anxious, "Has the doctor gone?"

"No, he's phoned for a nurse—he's waiting till she comes."

Yielding to the languor of the drug, Helen lapsed into a drowsy stupor only to be startled by another ring, alarmingly loud in the early stillness.

Warren stayed beside her; it was the doctor who answered the door. Again that low-voiced murmuring in the hall.

"Miss Saunders'll be with you in a moment," the doctor returned to the bedside.

Had the nurse gone into her dressing room? Was it much disordered? Helen tried to remember what she had left lying about.

A rustle of skirts and the white-garbed nurse appeared. One appraising glance and with swift intuition Helen knew she would not like her.

She was about thirty, tall, dark, with a strongly assertive air. Glancing down at Helen with a patronizing smile, she gave her entire attention to the doctor.

They had stepped into the next room, and again that maddening low-voiced murmur.

"I'll be back about noon," in a slightly louder tone. "Have those prescriptions filled soon as the drug store opens. I want her to have the first dose at eight."

The doctor gone, Warren again took up his post by the bed.

"Is it appendicitis?" Helen clung to his hand with feverish intensity. "Will there have to be an operation? Oh, tell me what he said!"

"He thinks you'll be all right—if you keep perfectly quiet. Now I'm going out for those prescriptions," glancing at his watch.

"Oh, must you go?" clinging to him. "Can't you send a messenger?"

"No, we want some other things—a couple of ice bags and absorbent cotton. I won't be long—the nurse is right here."

With an unreasoning depression, Helen heard the door close after him.

"The first thing we'll have some air in here," announced the nurse with disconcerting briskness, as she threw up the shades and opened both the windows.

"Oh, leave the shades down," protested Helen weakly. "They can see right in."

"Not with this out," switching off the light by the bed.

But Helen shrank from the cheerless morning light. She wanted the becoming glow of the rose lamp by the bed. She resented the intimation that the room was not well aired, for both windows were down from the top.

"No—no, you can't turn on your side! You must keep that ice in place. That towel's wet—where will I find the clean towels?"

"In the hall closet—the third shelf from the bottom," murmured Helen, with a growing antagonism for this nurse's assertive personality.

"Oh, a cat! How it frightened me? Oh, no, you can't have her on the bed—cats are most insatiable." And with firm authority, unheeding Helen's protest, she drove Pussy Purr-Mew from the room.

It was a trivial thing, but it contributed to Helen's increasing aversion. Her drug-distorted thoughts were inflamed with animosity. There was also a childish desire to have her own way, to be humored and indulged, a desire always paramount when she was ill.

With tremulous relief she welcomed the slamming door and Warren's quick step in the hall.

"More pain?" Giving the packages to the nurse, he stooped over her.

Helen shook her head. Then as Miss Saunders disappeared into the bathroom she whispered a quivering:

"Oh, I don't like her! I can't bear her! If I must have a nurse—I don't want her."

"Now none of that," with a note of sternness. "You mustn't get any of your foolish prejudices."

"I can't help it—she antagonized me the moment she came into the room," and with sick, childish resentment Helen sobbed out the incident of the shades.

"That's easy," Warren rose, pulled down the shades and turned on the light by the bed. "Better?" Then as the nurse came in, "Mrs. Curtis prefers the shades down."

Miss Saunders, bending over, adjusted the ice bags without comment, but Helen saw the obstinate set of her mouth. When she again left the room, Warren, pushing on the left sleeve of Helen's gown, rubbed her soft white inner arm with an anxious:

"Now, kitten, you're not going to be difficult, are you? Your job's to lie quiet and get well. Never mind about the nurse. You don't have to like her—but don't give way to any foolish prejudices. That'll make it hard for everybody."

"Oh, you know I don't want to make it hard—but I can't help."

"Yes, you can," as he stooped to kiss her. "Now don't talk—doctor wants you to sleep. That pillow too high?"

To be looked after and waited on by Warren was a sensation deliciously new. The very warmth and security of his hand on her arm held a magnetic soothing. Her attitude toward the nurse seemed suddenly small and childish.

"Oh, dear, I'll not even think of the nurse!"

"That's the stuff," as he smoothed her hair. "You're not to worry about anything. Just remember—I'm right here on the job."

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TIS PAY DAY TODAY, PROMISE AT ORDWAY

Pay day today is the promise held out to the District soldiers at Camp Ordway. The officers and men will welcome a little loose change, and the canteen clerk is looking forward to a big day.

In many cases, dependents at home, who have been troubled for food and rent money, will rejoice, even though Guard pay does not go far. The unmarried Guardsmen will again have tobacco and a bottle of "pop" will not be impossible.

There is still complaint in the camp, particularly from the government clerks, against the government's attitude on pay. They claim they should be paid as much as they earned in their departmental positions.

Kovel Is Keynote.

By the capture of the villages of Goulevitch and Kachova, the Russians have further imperiled the German hold on Kovel. In the event Kovel falls, military experts declare the Germans will be forced to retire on the entire front north-east to Baronovichi, in order to straighten out their lines.

If Germany is to hold the invaded parts of Poland and Lithuania, it is essential for her to keep Baronovichi and Kovel. The fall of Kovel would force the retirement of Gen. von Lisen from the Lutsk salient.

The loss of Kovel, it is also stated might even result in a German general retreat from that point all the way to Riga on the Baltic.

It is reported that at a recent council of Austrian and German marshals that Von Hindenburg announced it would be impossible to launch a new offensive on a large scale unless the Teutonic lines are stiffened with at least 250,000 fresh troops.

Give Away Fig Wasps.

Yuba City, Cal., July 9.—H. P. Stabler, county horticultural commissioner, has been busy giving away Blastophaga wasps, necessary for the growing of Smyrna figs. The wasps are in fig trees, and fly from one tree to another carrying pollen.

Gets \$9,600 as He Quits Jail.

Franklin, Ind., July 9.—When he was released from jail, where he had been held for several weeks on a charge of burglary, Fred Dillow found a letter from Canadian authorities notifying him that his grandfather had left him property valued at \$9,600.

Enlists to Be Near Son.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 9.—Arthur E. Gudemew, a wealthy contractor, has enlisted in the Pennsylvania National Guard in order to be near his son, already a member.

The New Men's Shop Clips Prices

\$19.50 to \$30 Cloth Suits now . . . \$15.75 Palm Beach and Cool Cloth Suits \$4.50

This New Men's Shop is to be ever new and ever complete—hence the Semi-annual Clearing Sales here. Today's visitors are guaranteed best of \$30.00 Cloth Suits at \$15.75—and Palm Beach Suits at \$4.50 intended to retail at \$7.50.

Motor Restaurants

\$9 to \$13

See Window Display.

There are few accessories that have added as much to the pleasures of motoring as these practical, economical, and inexpensive Motor Restaurants. The restaurant is fitted for four to six persons, containing from 4 to 6 each of knives, forks, spoons, plates, and cups, together with one set of salt and pepper shakers and metal food box. There is space in the tray for a one-quart Thermos bottle. Underneath the tray, which may easily be removed, there is another large compartment where additional food or other materials may be stored.

The case is constructed of strong basswood panels, covered with black enameled duck of fine quality. The lock and all outside metal parts are heavily nickel plated.

The inside of the restaurant, including the tray is lined with a sanitary oil cloth, which may be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed.

Automobile Watches

Guaranteed One Year.

\$1.25

See G Street Window.

Trunks—and Contents

TRUNKS—\$18.50 for Man's Wardrobe Trunk, and \$27.50 for Married Folks' Wardrobe Trunk. Only \$14.50 for Steamer Wardrobe Trunk, Dress Trunk at \$11.25 and \$18.50.

BAGS—Genuine Seal Leather Traveling Bags, \$12.00. Suit Cases, as little as 50c and up to \$6.95.

BATHING SUITS—Men's best all-wool suits are \$4.00 and \$5.00; wool and cotton mixed suits are \$2.25 to \$2.50; all cotton are \$1.00 and \$1.50.

THERMOS—Thermos Bottles, 1 pint, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.75; quart size, \$2.00. Auth. Leather Thermos Bottle Cases, lined, pinto, \$1.50, quart, \$1.75.

See Window Display.

A. Lisner

The Palais Royal

G Street

VICTORIOUS RUSS STILL SWEEP ON

Von Hindenburg Declares Offensive Impossible Without 250,000 Additional Men.

(By the International News Service.)

London, July 9.—Two heavy blows were delivered against the Teutonic battle front in the east yesterday by the Russians.

The first was the capture of two important villages in the drive on Kovel.

The second was the capture of Delatyn, an important railway junction through which the Austrians had supplied their armies at Stanislaw and Tarnopol, protecting Lemberg. Several days ago Russian troops cut the Delatyn railroad west of Kolomea, but not until yesterday did they occupy the junction city.

Heavy fighting continues between the Stokhod and the Styrr rivers. Petrograd officially announces today that the Teutons are retreating in great disorder on the lower Stokhod where the Czar's troops took 12,000 unarmored prisoners, including 300 officers, between July 5 and 7.

Forty-five guns of heavy and small caliber and forty-five machine guns also were captured.

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LAST DAY Contest Closes at 6 P.M. Today The United States Puzzle

The United States Puzzle is a contest that has been running for several days. The puzzle is a large grid of letters, and the goal is to find words hidden within the grid. The contest is open to all who wish to participate, and the prize is a large sum of money. The puzzle is a challenge for many, and the contest is a fun and exciting way to spend time. The puzzle is a grid of letters, and the goal is to find words hidden within the grid. The contest is open to all who wish to participate, and the prize is a large sum of money. The puzzle is a challenge for many, and the contest is a fun and exciting way to spend time.

THE PROBLEM

Whether the letters are in regular order, transposed or otherwise scattered about and misplaced, the problem is to collect the letters together so as to form the words "THE UNITED STATES" as often as possible. No individual letter is to be used more than once. It is not possible to use all the letters in the chart.

HOW TO ENTER.

Anyone paying from 30 cents to \$2.50 in the City of Washington, or from 35 cents to \$3.00 outside the city, for subscription to THE WASHINGTON HERALD will be entitled to submit one solution of the puzzle. Should you submit one solution and ascertain later that you can get a better one, you may submit it by making another subscription payment as provided for in the case of the first solution.

THE PRIZES.

Those submitting the five best solutions will each receive ten times what they paid with their successful solution. Not more than one prize will be awarded to any one person.

None of those who won prizes in the recent diamond puzzle contest will be eligible to enter this contest.

For further information about this contest, the disposition of ties, etc., see larger advertisements or inquire of the Contest Department.

Contest closes July 10 at 6 o'clock p. m.

Address All Communications to

THE CONTEST MANAGER,

The Washington Herald

425-427-429 11th Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

(Cut Out Neatly Around Margin.)

This Blank is for the Convenience of Contestants

I herewith inclose \$..... for subscription to The Washington Herald.

Name.....

Address.....

I submit as my solution the following to be the total number of times the phrase "The United States" appears in the puzzle chart:

Be sure to write names and addresses plainly, and in full, such as giving apartment numbers, rural route and box numbers, etc.

Be Sure to Answer This:

Are you receiving the paper now by carrier or mail?

Should you desire to submit another solution use another blank.

Preparedness

"Safe-Tea First"

Safeguard Your Refreshment

It's just as necessary as safeguarding your Home and Country. Lovers of Tea at its best choose this distinctive Tea of supreme India-Ceylon quality. They are not satisfied to ask for "TEA," they insist on

Ridgways Tea

Awarded Gold Medal—Highest Honor India-Ceylon Teas—San Francisco